

THE  
Secret History  
OF THE  
*Most Renowned*  
Q. ELIZABETH  
AND THE  
E. of ESSEX.

---

IN TWO PARTS.

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*By a Person of Quality.*

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D U B L I N :

Printed in the Year, 1725.

THE  
EARL of ESSEX  
OR, THE  
AMOURS  
OF  
Q. Elizabeth.

*The First Part.*



HE People had seen *Essex* in extraordinary Favour with the Queen; and were therefore the more surpriz'd at his Fall. She had rais'd him to the highest Dignities of the Kingdom; and he continued then General of her Army in *Ireland*, against the Earl of *Tyrone*, who had rais'd a Rebellion there. His Endeavours to divert his Misfortune were vain; and after an obstinate Resistance, he was brought up to *London*, and confin'd to his House.

The Services he had done the State by his Valour; were very considerable; but the Favours the Queen's Goodness had heaped on him, proceeded from more secret Cause, and more pressing Motives. Had the Earl of *Essex* never signaliz'd himself by the Glory of his Actions, the Kindness she had for him, would have made her distinguish him from the rest of her Subjects: And 'tis certain, her Affection had made him her Favourite, before he could pretend to it in the least by his Services. She was highly renowned above the Women of her time, for Courage, and Strength of Mind; yet too weak to be Proof against the Power of Love. She had a passionate Tenderness for the unfortunate Criminal, which was his Advocate, and defended him from the Severity of Justice;

justice; and was so far from taking Pleasure of publick  
age of him, that she abhorred in her Heart, those cruel  
Xims that cross'd her Inclinations.

X She kept her Bed to prevent publick Discovery of a Trou-  
ble it was not in her Power to hide, and admitting of no  
Company but the Countess of Nottingham, (her intimate  
Confident) she gave vent to her Tears, and freely lamented  
the Misfortune that threatned the Repose of her Life.

S The Countess had little suspected the Queen's Inclinati-  
ons; and thought herself oblig'd by powerful Reasons to  
find out the Mystery. But this being a tender Point, and ha-  
ving to deal with a Princess naturally of a very high Spirit,  
the Countess thought the Queen's Love too violent, to con-  
tinue long mute. Her Sighs confirm'd the Suspicions of the  
Countess; and her repeating in her Trouble the Earl of Es-  
sex's Name, convinc'd the Countess of the Truth of what till  
then she had but slightly fancy'd.

The Countess had that Command of herself, she easily  
conceal'd her Concern in the Adventure; and appearing  
only sensible of the Trouble of the Queen, she us'd all the Art  
she had to comfort her; and fail'd not to put her in mind,  
how serviceable on that Occasion her Virtue might be to her,  
which had already made her the Wonder of the World.

Ab, Madam! (says the Queen interrupting her) You do not  
yet know me. The Force I have long put upon myself, hath made  
you think, with the rest of the World, that the Height of my Spirit,  
bath rais'd me above the Infirmities of Nature; and the Greatness  
of my Thoughts, secur'd me from the Troubles of Life. But, Alas!  
poor Elizabeth is a Slave to her Weakness; and hath all this while  
but sacrific'd to Reputation all the Quiet of her Soul, and Happi-  
ness of her Days. 'Tis high time Madam, to reveal the Mystery. My  
Heart, Madam, is sensible and susceptible of the deepest Impressions.  
And what I have in Appearance, condemn'd most, is perhaps, the  
only thing has most Power over me.

The Earl of Essex is not less Famous for the Victory gain'd over  
my Heart, than for his Treason: against me: And I who have main-  
tain'd the Freedom of my Soul, and preserv'd the Liberty of my Af-  
fection, from submitting to the Efforts of all the Princes of Europe,  
and the Greatest of my Subjects, have now the Misfortune to find  
my Inclinations violently sway'd in Favour of a Person, as Un-  
grateful as Fairless. You know what I have done to raise him

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nor can you be ignorant how ill he hath Requited me by his Crimes. A Man, who being Governor of Ireland, General of my Army, in quiet Possession of the best Offices of my Kingdom, and Master of my Affection; yet could not forbear conspiring against that Authority. I was but too much inclin'd to give him a Share of: And perhaps, against a Life I took no other Pleasure in, but the Opportunities I had by it to make His happy——

It was not in the Queen's Power to say a Word more, and the Countess more than ordinarily concern'd at the Discourse, grew so much the more Curious; and pretending to comfort the Queen, Engag'd her dexterously to a further Discovery.

No Madam, (replies the Queen) There's no Hope of Comfort for me, if the Earl of Essex die. By the Condition you see his Imprisonment hath put me in, you may guess what I am like to be Reduc'd to by his Death. His Crimes I abhor, but am in Love with his Person; and find, that as I have been so weak to let him know it, I shall again be so weak to pardon him all. You do not know his Carriage towards me. And perhaps, my Affection will as easily find Excuses for his Ingratitude, as it did for my Kindness. I will give you the Relation of it; but conjure you to reproach me so plainly with the Shame I expose myself to, that I may at last prevail with myself to abandon the Ingratefullest of Men, to the Rigor of his Fate.

I Shall not give you an Account of the Interests of England other than what the Earl of Essex stands concern'd in. I will pass by the Obstacles rais'd against my Establishment; and tell you only, I quickly gain'd Possession of the Throne, was ador'd of my People, and Happy beyond the Hopes of a Person of my Sex. But Elevation is not always attended with the Pleasure of Life; and that Smooth Gale of Felicity and Repose in the beginning of my Reign, quickly blew over, at least, in my Opinion.

Being settled in my Government, I found my Court throng'd with Suitors of Sovereign Grandeur, striving to merit the Choice it was in my Power (at once) to make of a Husband, and a King: The Earls of Somerset, Leicester, Arundel and Hereford had most Right to pretend to it. But finding myself disturbed by their Importunities in my most serious Affairs, and not at all inclin'd to entertain their Suits, I formally declar'd to them I design'd to live single, and endeavour'd to make them amends by considerable Employments, and



and Alliances I bestow'd on them. Three of them o-  
quitted the Hopes they had conceiv'd: Only the Earl of *Essex* at he  
gester, more Ambitious, or more constant than the rest, *Essex*  
sfoot his Pretensions, and publickly continued his Services.  
But it was not ordain'd his Perseverance should be Crown'd  
with the Reward of my Affection.

The Earl of *Essex* having signaliz'd himself against the Re-  
bellious Earls of *Northumberland* and *Westmorland*, made, about  
this time, his first Appearance at Court, and found with  
more ease the Secret to please me.

Those who presented him to me, spoke much in Commen-  
dation of him. And I was too much an Eye Witness of the  
Merit of his Person. I look'd upon him as an extraordinary  
Man: Nor could I but think it equally extraordinary, to find  
myself so strangely affected with him at the first Sight. The  
Reception I gave him, was very obliging; and the Ac-  
knowledgments he made me, were full of Respect: So that  
for the time, I saw no Cause to check my Inclination.

I may Date from this first View, the Loss of my Repose.  
I presently fell into a Disquiet I had till then been altogether  
a Stranger to: And in spite of my high Spirit, I could not  
but inwardly acknowledge the Cause. And all the Efforts  
of my haughty Humour against it, serv'd only to make the  
Triumph of the Earl of *Essex* more Glorious.

You would better comprehend the Condition I was in, did  
you know the Resentments of a Great Soul, jealous of its  
Reputation, in Extremities of this Nature; the Combats it  
undergoes, and the Confusion that attends the Defence.

I fear'd my Eyes would discover the Pleasure I took in  
looking on the Earl of *Essex*, and my Weakness occasion Dis-  
courses in the World, to the Prejudice of my Glory. I shun'd  
the Sight of him; but to little Purpose, when I carry'd the  
Idea of him in my Heart. I was angry with myself for it,  
and summon'd my Reason to my Assistance to declare it:  
But Love had so violently seiz'd my Heart, that I struggled  
in vain to dispossess him.

By little and little I yielded myself Captive to that power-  
ful Inclination which had at first Sight made me so much in  
Love with the Person of the Earl of *Essex*: And pretending  
the Services he had done me against the Earls of *Northumber-*  
*land* and *Westmorland*, and the Memory I had of the good Ser-  
vices

of his Father, as the Ground of my Favour I made him  
not can of the Garter, Master of the Horse, and of the Privy-  
A Council, though under Age.

Thus did I cherish and indulge the Weakness I had so  
long struggled with, and Condemn'd myself for. The higher  
he grew in Office, the nearer he was to my Person. His  
Complaisance, his Respect, his Looks, (which to me appear'd  
all Kind and Languishing) and especially my Affection,  
which had Tenderness enough to give a favourable Con-  
struction to the least of his Actions, conspir'd to betray me.

Envy rais'd him Enemies: The Earl of *Leicester* (concern'd  
to be Jealous of him) quickly suspected the Truth. And  
looking on the Earl of *Essex*, as a Person of Merit capable to  
cross his Pretensions, he made it his Business to supplant  
him; which I presently observed. I easily foresaw the Trou-  
ble my Favour might cause between Persons so considerable:  
And the better to countenance the Kindness I had for *Essex*,  
I affected a little Complaisance for *Leicester*, which some-  
what abated the Edge of his Jealousie.

About that time, the King of *Sweden*, the Emperor for  
his Son and the Duke of *Anjou*, made me their several Pro-  
posals of Marriage, which I was forc'd to receive; but  
wanted not Pretences to send home their Ambassadors, with-  
out any Fruit of their Negotiation.

How contrary to the real Motive of my Actions, were the  
Interpretations Men made of my Refusal of Marriage with  
these *Princesses*! It redounded much to my Honour; my Glo-  
ry was increas'd by it, and the World admir'd my Con-  
tempt of Love, even then when my Soul was wholly pos-  
sess'd by it.

The Aversion I express'd for Foreign Alliances, rais'd the  
Hopes of the Earl of *Leicester*; and *Essex* seem'd overjoy'd at  
it: Not (said he, as I heard afterwards) but that the Queen is  
discreet in all her Actions; and her Choice, had she made One, had  
been Decent and Just: But that I think her so fit to reign alone,  
that I could not without extream Trouble, see her share her Autho-  
rity with a Husband, who perhaps would in time be her Master.

The Construction I made of the Earl of *Essex*'s Zeal, was  
suitable to my Affection, and the Desire I had of gaining his  
Heart; which I wish'd so passionately, that I fancy'd it done,  
and that the pretended Severity, that made me slight Kings,

was the only thing that frightned his Respect; and that he had declared his Love to me, could he have thought he durst presume to do it.

The Duke *Alanfon* (not discourag'd by my Refusal of his Brother) began soon after to make Addreffes for himself; and it was not in my Power to deny my Consent for his Voyage to *London*: But what Advantages soever he pleaded in his FaVour, certain it is, the Earl of *Essex* lost not any he had gain'd over me. The Stay of that Prince in *England*, fortify'd the Earl's Interest. He was constantly at my Elbow. When the Duke of *Alanfon* spoke to me, methought I read Reproaches against myself, in the Earl of *Essex*'s Eyes. The Earl of *Leicester* watch'd me as carefully; though not with equal Regard from me. I rais'd so many Difficulties against the Duke of *Alanfon*'s Design, that he was forc'd to desist: And I rid my Hands of his Person, and his Suit, without giving Cause of Complaint.

You know that after the Death of the Queen of *Scots*, the King of *Spain* (who still makes himself indispensibly subject to a Necessity of Opposing me) entred into a League with the Pope against me. And having fill'd the World with Injurious Declarations against my Right to the Crown, they joyn'd all their Forces to pull it off my Head. The *Spaniards* made themselves on the sudden Masters of *Daventer*: The Duke of *Parma* laid Seige to *Sluys*. It was high time to provide for Defence; and the Earl of *Leicester* was sent away with all the Nobility of the Kingdom, in the Head of a numerous Army. The Earl of *Essex* was one of the first to follow him; and as strongly inclin'd as I was to stay him, yet I thought the Man I lov'd ought not to be idle, when he had Opportunity, by glorious Actions, to merit the kindness I had for him.

I will not spend time in giving you a Relation of a War, which perhaps you are sufficiently inform'd of, and concerns not the Secrets of my Life. It tended to our Advantages; all (to the very Winds) having favour'd our Side. When the Generals of the Army arriv'd at *London*, I was carry'd in Triumph to *St. Pauls*: Yet the Joy I had to see the Earl of *Essex*, was greater than that for the signal Victory obtain'd. Amongst an infinite Number of Persons of several Ranks, my Eyes were fixt only on him: And much ado I had, sometimes,

times, out of Policy, to cast a Look on the Earl of *Leicester*. Both of them had done very great Actions. I commended them publickly; and particular joy'd the Earl of *Essex*, for the Success of his Valour and Conduct; who spoke so much in Praise of the Valour and Conduct of the Earl of *Leicester*, that he was forc'd in requital, to do him Right, in giving him openly the the Elogies he deserv'd.

Not long after this Expedition, the Earl of *Essex* fell into a very deep Melancholly. I was the first that perceived it; and took it for an Effect of some Secret Passion. I wish'd now and then he would once take the boldness to declare himself, hut presently my Reason, upon Second Thoughts, set before my Eyes the Confusion would certainly follow an Explication of that Nature, to the Ruin of my Reputation, and that high Esteem the World had for me: Yet (to speak Truth) I could not resolve what to do, or to wish. I am in Love, I desir'd to be lov'd again; and that was all I could make of it.

The Earl of *Essex* in the mean time continu'd Sad; I was troubled to see him so; and fancying myself the Cause, I was desirous to know it; and resolved to fetch it out of him.

He had full Liberty of Access to me, and I enlarg'd it daily. But not to expose my Reputation in forcing him to declare himself, I pretended an Inclination to favour the Earl of *Leicester*; who, since his late Victories, had entertain'd new Hopes.

One Day, as the Earl of *Essex* came to thank me for the Government of *Ireland* I had bestowed on him, I was loth to lose the Opportunity; and interrupting what he would have said in Acknowledgment. You need not enlarge your self, said I, on a thing I am fully assur'd of. I take Pleasure in Raising your Fortune, and wish I could as easily remove your Melancholly, as I am pleased to give a new Proof of the Sense I have of your Service. You may, in your Turn oblige me (added I) I am fallen into a Trouble some Conjuncture, and find it very difficult to reduce my Affections into a Complaisance with the Necessary of the State. This presses me hard, to provide England a King: This Choice is difficult; and I have not amind to make it among Foreigners. You are discreet, and I have Reason to believe, not the least Loving of my Subjects. I will take your Advice; speak your Mind freely: What Man in England you think best deserves this Fortune?



I look'd on him with that Kindness; as would have inspir'd the most fearful with Boldness: I observ'd in his Eyes extraordinary Emotions, and all the Symptoms of a Secret ready to break out. The Point appear'd Tender, and my Imagination flatter'd me, all would be as I wish'd. *Your Majesty's Resolution*, answers he, *will render a Man more Glorious by the Quality of your Husband, than of the Greatest Monarch on Earth.* Remember, said I, *I expect not a Panegyrick, but Advice from You.* And that your Business at present, is to Nominated the Man I am to make King; not to Commend his good Fortune in being so. The Business is so nice, Madam, replies he, I dare not speak my Mind though your Majesty order it. Did you know, said I, what moves me to this Confidence in you, you would perhaps express your self with a great deal more Freedom. But because, to bring you to it, I must proceed further; tell me, whether you think the Earl of Leicester deserves to be your Prince? The Earl of Leicester, answers he, is *Well Born*, and a Person of Great Merit, and will answer the Honour your Majesty intends him. Is that all you have to say to me, said I? Ah! Madam, answers he, with a Sigh, which made me expect something more Pleasing, I should have more to say to you for myself, than the Earl of Leicester. What hinders you? said I. The Respect I have for your Majesty, answer'd he. I am in Love, Madam; but 'tis not a thing fitting, to make my Queen my Confident. I blush'd at those Words, and was in a mind not to proceed further. But I look'd upon him and there needed no more to declare my Weakness: I have that Esteem for you, added I, that I am not unwilling to be your Council, Well, Madam, since you will have it so, continues he, I must acquaint You, I am desperately in Love with the Countess of Rutland; and that I cannot Live if your Majesty consent not that she shall make me happy.

You may easily guess what an Astonishment I was in at this Explication; having upon so good Grounds expected to have heard myself named; it is well for me, I had not altogether lost the Haughtiness of my Nature: The poor Remains of it were my only Help to preserve me from discovering more Weakness to the Earl, than he had discover'd Love for his Mistress. His Transports help'd me to cover mine. He perceiv'd not the Blow he had given me. And sacrificing my Grief to my Glory, I affected to appear calm and unconcern'd, when my Soul was full of Trouble

and Confusion. You have made a very good Choice, said I, and the Countess of Rutland will very well deserve the Kindness you propose for her, Madam, replies he, with Satisfaction in his Answer, which heightned my Grief, You have done more for me in proving the Passion I have for the Countess of Rutland, than you could have done, had you procur'd me the Empire of the Universe. It is your Desire then, added I, with a Sigh, my Despair forc'd from me, that I should give her to you. I desire any thing, says he, that may preserve me from dying for Love of her. Go your way then, said I, to be rid of him, and ease myself of the intollerable Constraint I was under, Be assur'd, I will concern myself in your Amour: You shall know it in Time. But take heed you give not the Earl of Leicester the least Intimation of the Secret I have imparted to you. Not before I have Order from your Majesty, answer'd he, to congratulate his Happiness, and pay him the Devoirs of an Affectionate Subject.

Had you seen with what an Air he pronounced those Words, you would have abhorr'd him for his Ingratitude. As for me, I was left in so desperate a Condition, it was long e'er I could recover my Reason out of the Entanglements of Love, Anger and Jealousie.

I was partly the Author of my Misfortune, by calling to Court the Countess of Rutland, after her Husband's Death, without considering she was one of the handsomest Ladies on Earth; and but Sixteen Years old. I have not observed any particular Kindness the Earl of Essex had for her: He visited her as other Ladies of the Court. But their Intrigue was misterious; and the more secretly it was carry'd, the Engagement was the stronger, and the Affection more tender.

It is impossible to express the Trouble I was in, when Anger seiz'd the Place Grief had possess'd in my Heart. Though the Earl of Essex had been ignorant of his good Fortune, I could not forbear reproaching him for slighting it as he did; and forgot not to charge him with Treachery and Ingratitude. But when I consider'd he was so far from apprehending my Meaning, that he was gone directly to make a solemn Tender of his Love to another, and carry her the joyful News of his Success with me; I resolv'd at least to delay the Pleasure of it for a time; and went out of my Closet into my Chamber, to call him back. I thought I heard the Earl

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of *Leicester's* Voice and his in the *Anti-Chamber*; and going to the Door, found I was not mistaken. *Leicester's* Jealousie, had, in all probability, made him watch *Essex* as he entered my Chamber; and when he saw him return with Satisfaction in his Looks; 'You are happy, says he, in a Priviledge, to entertain the Queen as long as you please; when others, who as passionately desire it, cannot obtain that Happiness for a Moment. I am perswaded, replies *Essex*, you better deserve it; and make no doubt, but you will find more Pleasure in it. I will leave you at Liberty to go in Search of it; and you may do me a Favour not to stay me, being call'd another way, on a very pressing Occasion." He had no sooner said so, but he went his way; and I was so confounded at this new Sight, I scarce knew where I stood.

Having at length recover'd my Reason, I had the Discretion to hide my Weakness. Presently my Anger would have vented itself on the Countess of *Rutland*: But I consider'd her only Crime was her Beauty; and that she knew not my Concern for her Servant.

The Earl of *Leicester* having at his Entrance perceived me in Disorder, durst not take Notice of it; but after a short Visit withdrew.

A little before, I had sent to Congratulate the K. of *Navarre*, upon his coming to the Crown of *France*; and having Intelligence he wanted Aid to secure his Government, I resolv'd to send him some under the Conduct of the Earl of *Essex*, in hopes his Absence might cure me. I would have perswaded myself, the Cause of my removing him on that Occasion, was my Desire to forget him; but upon second Thoughts, I must confess, it was rather the Desire of removing him out of the Sight of a beloved Rival.

Being resolv'd on the Point, I hastned the Execution, and having ordered the Earl of *Essex* to attend me: You love Honour, said I to him, and I cannot think you will prefer the Pleasure of Sighing before a Mistress, to the Opportunities of acquiring Glory. I have provided One for you; and am resolv'd you shall Command the Troops I am sending to the French King. And to fortifie your self against the Troubles of Absence, you need not only think of the Pleasure of a Return. His Answer was only in Sighs; and that passionate Language made me hasten his Departure.

Soon after, the Countess of *Railand* (whom I could not forbear using very coldly) desir'd leave to go into the Country, a considerable Distance from *London*. I had then so little Love for her, I did not desire to have her near me, but readily consented she should retire.

The Hopes she had to see the Earl of *Essex* return, supported her so, that she with much Moderation, saw him take his Leave: But I am assur'd by Experience, the Grief for his Departure, equall'd, at least, the Hopes for his Return.

When he was arriv'd in *France*, Fame spoke aloud in Commendation of him: His Absence alter'd not my Affection; and in spite of all I could do to the contrary, I had a sensible Pleasure to hear him Commended.

Had I been desir'd, I should have call'd him home as soon as *France* was in Peace: But I sent him new Order to joyn Admiral *Howard*, who was going for *Spain*. And I gave him the like Commission for this Expedition, as for that of *France*.

He did Wonders in *Spain*, and his single Valour frightened the Enemies. And having taken *Calis*, and pillag'd the Coast of *Portugal*, he put again to Sea for *England*. The Fleet was scattered by a Storm, and we had News the Earl of *Essex* was lost. Then it was I knew better than ever, the Kindness I had for him. I could no longer persuade myself that his Indifference for me deserv'd mine for him.

I accus'd the Sea a Thousand times, for having taken too unreasonable a Revenge for me, and was under Sufferings more cruel than Death, till News was brought me, that by the Assistance of the Admiral of *Holland*, he was arriv'd at *Plymouth*; from whence in few Days, he came to Court.

To shew you how little Reason we have, when we are in Love, and how fickle are the Resolutions of a tender Heart, tho' provok'd by Sights and Contempts: I had lamented the Death of the Earl of *Essex*, and receiv'd the News of his being Alive with a thousand Transports of Joy. I was extremely pleas'd with the Report of his Arrival at *London*. But when I consider'd I should see him full of Love for another, and that perhaps I should not be able to conceal my Jealousie. I was tempted to order him to give the Council an Account of his Conduct, and not admit him into my Presence. I was sometimes of the Opinion, I should be able to do so: But this weak Heart of mine, so prepossess'd in favour of



of him, revolted against all my Resolutions; I must follow my Inclinations, and see the most dangerous Enemy of my Repose, the Troubler of my Rest. He came to *White-hall*. I admitted him into my Presence, I look'd upon him; and spight of all my high Spirit, he saw nothing but Kindness in all my Actions.

You may imagine, what an agreeable Surprize it was to me, to find, at our first Conference, that Absence had wean'd his Affections from the Countess of *Rutland*. He appear'd no longer in that languishing Melancholly I observ'd him in before his Departure. He had Satisfaction in his Looks: The Air of his Actions were smooth and calm. And I fancy'd as much Joy in his Face, tho' the Countess of *Rutland* was absent, as I felt in myself, at the Explication he made. 'I see you again return'd with Victory, *said I*, But am sorry it is not in my Power to reward your Toil with a Sight of the Countess of *Rutland*. But if any thing I can do, can comfort you — I am easily comforted for her Absence, when I am permitted to see your Majesty, *answer'd he*. I have no Passion now but for the Glory of Serving your Majesty; and the Countess of *Rutland* is now to me no more than other Ladies of the Court. Are you no longer in Love with the Countess of *Rutland*? *Replied I, between Joy and Distrust*. You have spoken too fast. When you see her again — When I see her again, *says he, interrupting me*, it shall be without those Transports I express for her, not forgetting the Respects due to your Majesty. What, *answer'd I*, are you not afraid of the Reproaches of a provok'd Mistress? No Madam, *said he, in a free and unconcern'd Manner*: All I am concern'd for, is to do my Duty, and approve myself worthy your Majesty's Favour. This *answer'd I*, deserves my Acknowledgment; and Time shall let you see I am not ungrateful."

Thus did the Earl of *Essex* assure me he was cur'd of his first Passion: And I was in Hopes, it might be in my Power to see him one Day entertain another. A Week after, he desired Leave to go into the Country, about his private Affairs: He was absent a Fortnight; and return'd more calm and unconcern'd than ever.

The Earl of *Leicester* had doubled his Importunities during the Absence of the Earl of *Essex* in *France* and *Spain*, and oblig'd me at last, to put him out of Hopes. He is naturally Bold;

Bold; and was so blown up with the Oppinion of the Glory he had gain'd by some late Atchievements, that he proceeded to telling me plainly, *He was jealous of the Earl of Essex*: And would have made a Crime of the Discourse I told you of, past between them, as *Essex* left my Chamber. The Answer I made him, was an absolute Command, *He should be silent*; which was so far obey'd, that after some Day's Murmuring, he held his Peace. Yet this put me in mind to observe some Measures, and not to follow openly my Inclinations.

Things continued in this State, till the Troubles of *Ireland*. I have often open'd my Mouth, to let the Earl of *Essex* know the Advantages he had over me; but Modesty shut it again: Yet seeing him under a Necessity of going for *Ireland*, when the Earl of *Tyrone* had rais'd a General Rebellion, I had not the Power to let him take leave without acquainting him, *The Kingdom was at his Command*. Upon the first News of the Troubles, he threw himself at my Feet, begging the Honour of my Command, to go quiet those Disorders. *You have done enough*, said I, *and there's no need you shou'd (by exposing your self to new Dangers) oblige me to new Acknowledgments*. I doubt not, Madam, answer'd he, *but the Favour I beg of your Majesty, will be envy'd me*: But I take the boldness to say Your Majesty cannot refuse it me, without doing your self Injury: It being an Occasion may contribute to my meriting the Favour you have already honour'd me with. The Order you express for undertaking Great Actions, replied I, is not perhaps so pleasing as you imagine. And all the Good that may redound to *England* thro' your Valour, is less considerable, than the Trouble is given me, who take less Care of my Crown, than your Life. I am Ambitious. Yet——Ah! my Lord, save me the Confusion of a more particular Explication of what you ought and might easily have long since understood. I might perhaps presume too far in my Wishes, says the Earl, in some Disorder. With boldly, answer'd I, I love you; and if I blush to tell you 'tis not that I am either asham'd, or repent of it. You may believe this Acknowledgment a very hard Task for a Person of my Humour, who have seen you Sigh for another, when slighted Kings for your Sake, and would have sacrificed more to your Satisfaction. What Madam! cries he, like a Man.

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astonisht, have you lov'd me, and I been so unfortunate, to make myself unworthy your Kindness by those Sighs I now disavow? Did my Eyes never tell you what I look'd for in yours? said I. I never had the Boldness, answer'd he, to make any such Constructions of your Looks. Your Fear was the Effect of Indifference, said I, no more of what is past. Tell me now can ye love me? Rather ask me, Madam, answers he, if all the Affection of my Soul can merit your love? And whether the Earl of Leicester, whom you design to make the Happiest Man on Earth, shall not carry the Day from me. The Earl of Leicester, said I, was but a Pretence to make you speak, I told you then truly the Thoughts I had of you. My trouble for you was not small, both in your Absence, and since your Return; but all is forgotten. Be henceforth as I wish, and doubt not of being Happy.

He answer'd me with some Disorder, which I fancy'd the Effect of unexpected Joy. I thought it time to be no longer Scrupulous; and that it was in vain to have any Reserves when I had said so much. *I will not let you go under any Uncertainty, proceeded I, but to convince you clearly of the Truth of what I have said, take this,* said I, delivering him a RING, as the highest Mark of my Favour, *keep it as a Pledge of my Kindness; which I conjure you to preserve in the State it is in; and on that Condition, I promise you, never to deny you any thing you shall desire of me, when you shew me this RING, tho' it cost me my Life and my Fortune.*

His Joy and Acknowledgments at receiving the RING, were in Appearance extraordinary and unparallel'd; and attended with Promises of as high a Nature.

He went for Ireland in few Days, leaving me fully persuaded his Thoughts were wholly taken up with me. But he had scarce advanc'd up to the Rebels, but he was charg'd with all the Crimes of which occasion'd his Imprisonment, and that of the Earl of Southampton. Then it was, I began to repent I had not given Ear to the wholesome Advice Cecil would have given me, concerning the secret Conduct of the Earl of Essex. In a Word, while my Thoughts, were wholly employ'd to make his Fortune Glorious, he was Plotting with the Earl of Tyrone, to surprize and make me Prisoner in this Place. You know the rest, Madam, his obstinate Resistance, his want of Respect for my Orders, his Imprisoning

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ing my Ministers, his Murthering my Soldiers, and his intolerable Pride in all his Misfortunes.

Thus ended the Queen's Discourse; which having call'd fresh to her Mind, all that had pass'd between her and *Essex*, she was more troubled than ever.

The Countess of *Nottingham* hath heard her with Attention suitable to her great Concern in the Discourse. She, as well as the Queen, had been in Love with the Earl; and advanced many steps, but in vain, to raise a Passion in him: And having newly understood the Cause of his slighting her, it added infinitely to her former Resentments.

She had no mind to condemn the Queen's Weakness, knowing herself guilty of the like. Nor was she inclin'd to speak in favour of a Man who was grown so much the more odious to her, as she had formerly passionately lov'd him. She thought it sufficient to comfort the Queen with Discourses that seem'd to proceed only from Zeal for her Service when in truth, her Thoughts were wholly bent for the Ruin of an ingrateful Lover; who, in her Judgment, deserved nothing but Hatred at her Hands.

Tho' Love thought not fit the Earl of *Essex* should admire the Countess of *Nottingham*; yet another was her Captive, whose Character, did, in a manner, make her amends, It was Secretary *Cecil*, who amidst his great Offices, and the Gravity that became them, discover'd, in the Beauty, Ingenuity, and high Spirit of the Countess of *Nottingham*, some Charms, that made him capable of a strong Passion for her; which was heightned by the Hatred both of them had professed against the Earl of *Essex*; *Cecil* having always look'd on him as the invincible Obstacle of his Ambitious Pretentions: And the Countess had against him all the Rage of and Aversion that usually succeed Kindness abus'd.

They were glad of the Imprisonment of the Earl of *Essex*; but the favourable Inclinations the Queen express'd for him, alarm'd them.

The Countess had no sooner taken leave of the Queen, but she gave *Cecil* account of all she had learnt. Having considered the Consequences, they concluded it necessary, while their Princess sigh'd secretly for the Prisoner, means should be found by private ways, and in artful Conduct, without their appearing to having any such Design, to take away the Mercy which Love might inspire into her.

*Cecil*



*Cecil*, for the first step, press'd the *Queen* to bring *Essex* to his Tryal; and caus'd certain News of his Death to be spread throughout *England*.

*Essex*, in the mean time, was busied with Thoughts of more weight than those of his Life. He knew well enough, his *Queen* lov'd him, and knew as well, he had deceiv'd her; and that she might, with a great deal of Justice, not only reproach but Condemn him.

The *Queen* had not seen him since his going into *Ireland*: but having not the Power to give him up to his ill Fortune, without having heard him, she resolv'd to go to his House, where he was Prisoner, to Reproach him as he deserv'd; and endeavour, if possible, to find him Innocent.

It is not far from *White Hall* to *Essex*-House; and the *Queen* took so good Order in the matter, that no Notice was taken of the Undecency of the Visit; having been introduced by her Confidants alone into the Chamber of the Criminal. He was surpriz'd at the Presence of the *Queen*. The languishing Condition she was in, made her sigh; all went for him, and the Victory seem'd easy. He saluted her with a profound Respect; and then fixing on her Face those Eyes of his, which so often charm'd her, he fetch'd some Tears from hers. Well, my Lord, (says she, drying them) you see what I do for you, notwithstanding all the Crimes I can reproach you with. I am come with a Design to hear you, if you have any thing to say to justify your self. I have lov'd you too well, not to wish it above all things: And would Heaven were pleas'd, your Justification might be purchas'd with any, the most precious, Thing in my Power. My greatest Crime is that I thought myself too happy, Ma'am, replies the Earl, sighing: Had you rested there, said the *Queen*, I should have been too well satisfy'd to complain of you. But to believe your self happy, was it necessary you should betray me? And, must you needs have made use of violent Means, to make your self Master of a Fortune I was willing to share with you? What reason had you to seek Protection of the Kings of *Scotland* and *Spain*? Did any Interests oblige you to Correspondencies with *Tyrone*? And, was it for the Safety of my Person, you design'd to make me your Slave, and his? All you have done since to my Subjects, against my Orders; are those the Expressions of your Re-

sidering, she us'd not to deny any Person Access, and the Countess of *Rusland* was a Lady of the best Quality; Commanded she should be admitted: And the Countess immediately came in.

Though her Eyes languished, her Looks were sad, her Dress and her Gait very careless: Yet her Beauty was conspicuous, and moving; she threw herself at the Queen's Feet and with Extremity of Grief in her Looks, Madam, say she, with a great deal of Pain, I come to implore Your Majesty's Goodness for the Unfortunate Earl of *Essex*. For the Earl of *Essex* Madam? answers the Queen. How came you concern'd for him, who hath quitted you with so much Indifference, after so many Promises of extraordinary Kindness? I expected you were rather come to join your Resentments with mine; and desire me to take a full Revenge, for the Injury done to your Beauty. No, Madam, replied the Countess, not the Transports of a Forsaken Mistress, have brought me now into your Majesty's Presence, but the Tender Affection due from a Virtuous Wife, to a Husband she loves; in begging for the Earl of *Essex*, I beg for mine. This Confession may perhaps add to our Guilt; but 'tis no dalliance for those who are on the Brink of Destruction. I acknowledge, Madam, that after a thousand Crosses, we had that Tender Kindness one for the other, we married privately, contrary to the Respect due to your Majesty. This Madam, this only, and his Fear of your Majesty's just Indignation, put the Earl of *Essex* upon seeking Refuge out of your Dominions: He thought it fit, I should go out of them, but never harbour'd a Thought of Conspiring against your Majesty. However, this hath Ruin'd us; and if you protect not an unfortunate Person, whom you have so much honour'd, he is irrecoverably lost. Consider, I beseech you, Madam, that a few Drops of Blood at your dispose, and a poor Life you are Mistress of, are not a Revenge suitable to the Grandeur of a Queen, ador'd for many Virtues; yet chiefly for your Clemency.

The Queen was so astonisht at the Discourse, that the Countess had full Liberty to end without Interruption. But this was sad News to a Heart lately full of the Delights of a pleasing Reconciliation. What a Torrent of Anger overflowed her Constancy? A Queen as she was, High-Spirited,

rited, Haughty, and Passionately in Love; to see herself thus  
cruelly betray'd, and find it out at a time, when a blind  
Credulity had stifled all former Resentments! Yet she forc'd  
herself to dissemble her Grief; and fixing a severe Look on  
the Countess of *Essex*: The Life you beg of me, says she, is  
not in my Power: The Peers are his Judges. Ah! Madam,  
cries the Countess, my Husband is lost, if you give him up  
to their Fury. Their Jealousie will do that which Justice  
cannot. Why should you trouble yourself, if he be not  
Guilty, says the Queen? Though I am satisfy'd of his Inno-  
cence, Madam, answers the Countess, yet your cruel Mini-  
sters are not dispos'd to believe it. Let me intreat you, Ma-  
dam, if your Majesty will grant me no more, you will be  
pleas'd to allow me the Priviledge of being put into the  
same Prison with him. I am as Criminal as he, and perhaps  
more. I wish it in my Power, to grant your Desires, says  
the Queen, but common Policy forbids any Correspondence  
to be allow'd between so considerable Persons, in your Cir-  
cumstances. You may, if you please, wait his Fate and your  
own, in a Chamber in this Palace. Ah, Madam, replies the  
Beautiful Countess, consider the last Favour I beg of you is,  
that I may be put into Irons. Can you apprehend we shall  
attempt any thing against you in so deplorable an Estate?  
This is the Eve of our greatest Disaster: That barbarous Ju-  
stice, to which you absolutely commit the Care of your Ven-  
geance, will to morrow, perhaps part us for ever. Deny us  
not, at least, the comfort of mixing our last Tears. What  
can you fear from a Grief without Power — I fear being  
troubled with it, and I will be Obey'd, answers the Angry  
Queen, and goes away into her Closet, while the Countess  
of *Essex* was carry'd to a Chamber, where she was left un-  
der Guard.

Never was Fury equal to the Queen's: The Madness she  
was in to see herself deceiv'd, made her for some time for-  
get all her Tenderness. Her Thoughts were wholly bent on  
Revenge, and giving up to the Severity of Justice, a Guilty  
Person she had too passionately Lov'd, Death, says she shall  
be the Reward of his Ingratitude, and I will make his Pu-  
nishment an Example to the Universe.

With these Thoughts she came to the Council: When she  
had Declar'd herself, the Peers were nam'd for Trying the  
Earls

Earls of *Essex* and *Southampton*. Arm'd as she was, with Resolution to do it, she trembled at the doing; and could not forbear at mixing some amorous Sighs with the violent Expressions her Anger forc'd from her. She withdrew under very great Trouble, and admitted no Visit for several Days.

'Tis hard to express what a pleasing Surprize it was to *Cecil*, to see the Queen angry, and declare herself against *Essex*, whom he thought she resolv'd to pardon. He carry'd the News to the Countess of *Nottingham*; who was as joyful at it, as a cruel Person could be on such an Occasion. Yet they could not think all sure, while the Earl of *Essex* was only Prisoner in his House, from whence his Friends, if minded to do it, might get him out. They concluded to take the Opportunity of the Queen's Anger, to obtain her Order for putting him into the *Tower of London*; which *Cecil*, under a Cloak of Zeal for her Majesty's Service, easily gain'd, and readily executed. The Earl of *Essex* was generally belov'd; and *Cecil*, fearing Commotions and Tumults if he would be carried through the City, order'd him to be sent to the *Tower* by Water, which was accordingly done.

The Earl of *Essex*, not able to guess at the Cause of a Success so unsuitable to the Promises of the Queen, prepar'd himself for the worst that might happen: And in few Days, had Resolutions enough to bear his Misfortunes. The Queen was as full of Trouble, as *Cecil* and the Countess of *Nottingham* were of Hopes, to see their common Enemy condemn'd in few Days.

The Countess of *Essex* having no Comfort but her Tears, nor Company but her Fears, endeavour'd from the Pity of her Guards, to have some Intelligence of her Husband's Condition. She was told, *His Judges were appointed, and that he was in the Tower*. Worse News she cou'd not have. The Queen was irreconcilably angry. No could she by Letter, convey with safety to her Husband, the Advice she thought good for him. A Conference she thought better. And Money being a Charm seldom resisted, she did by some Presents of Value, prevail with her Guards to serve her to her Mind. Having fully possess'd them, she neither design'd her own Liberty nor her Husband's. All she desir'd was a Minute of private Discourse with him; which her Guards undertook,



bertook, and brought happily about. The Guards at the Tower, gain'd by their Companions, easily introduced the Countess into her Husband's Chamber.

He knew nothing of the Passages at *White-Hall*. But when he was told, He was in a few Days to appear before his Judges, he expected with a great deal of Resolution and Constancy the end of his Misfortunes; comforting himself with the Thoughts of the Countess being retir'd into *Scotland*. But seeing her so near a Danger he thought her so remote from . Ah Madam! says he, with his Eyes full of Tenderness, What came you to look for in these fatal Places? And in whose Power was it to bring you hither? My Grief, and my Guards have brought me hither, Answers the Countess. What Madam! cries the Earl, are you the Queen's Prisoner? And does she know we are married? Yes, replied the Countess, mournfully, and is so angry, that we are past Hope. I was absenting myself from you, as you had desir'd me, but the News of your Death, stopt my Retreat. And it was not in my Power to betake myself into a Place of Safety, there to attend the Issue of your Troubles. If it were not in my Power to ease you of 'em, I thought it my Duty, at least, to share with you in them. This made me present myself to the Queen, and omit nothing that might move her Compassion. But she prov'd altogether inflexible. Ah, Madam, says the Earl, interrupting her, Your Impatience has ruin'd us. Had you not appear'd, I had been at Liberty. By a dexterous Justification, I had regain'd her Confidence, and you should have in few Days seen me come in search of you in *Scotland*. But now, there's no Hopes; the Queen will be reveng'd. What? saith the Countess, hath all I have done, tended to your Ruin? make use of your Advantages, I conjure you. The Queen retains some Tenderness for you. You may easily revive it. Oh! be not a Sacrifice to her Anger. Invent any thing in excuse of our Marriage. Disown it if you please; I will consent to any thing, rather than see you condemn'd to Death. Let her Banish me into any part of the World; I will go most willingly. And, if it may conduce to your Safety, make use of the *Pledge* she gave you. —

Ah, Madam, replies the Earl, can you give such Advice to a Man, who, you know, adores you? Have you found by any

any of my Actions, that I Love my Life more than I Love you : No, I Love my Life for nothing else, but to spend it with you : And I will part with it, withall my Heart, when I must be depriv'd of that Pleasure. My Fears were only for you; and can you believe, I could have the least Satisfaction in the Queen's Favour, when her Jealousie should make her banish you ? Let it break out, let her ruin me; I will Glory in my Loving you, and telling it to her Face, I know the precious Gift she bestowed on me, leaves me some Hopes; and I may make use it, But I would do it with Safety, and it may prevail for more than my Life. I apprehend you, says the Countess, you would reserve all for me, and neglect your own Safety; But you cannot incur a Danger, wherein I have not a share; and the way to preserve my Life, is to secure yours,

This Dispute had lasted somewhat longer, but the Countesses Guards minding her it was time to withdraw, She dispos'd herself to bid her Husband adieu. Their Separation was moving, accompanied with Abundance of Tears; to which a Multitude of tormenting Inquietudes succeeded, and ushered in a Day, that instead of diminishing, heightened their Sorrows.



*The End of the First Part.*



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EARL of ESSEX,  
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*The Second Part.*

THE Queen, though angry, gave no Order for com-  
prehending the Countess of *Essex* in her Husband's  
Impeachment. The Morrow after their Confe-  
rence, the Peers met in *Westminster-Hall*, and the  
Earls of *Essex* and *Southampton* were brought before them by  
the Constable of the *Tower*. The particulars of the Trial  
are set forth at large in the Histories of the Time. It shall  
suffice to insert here, That the Prisoners being Charg'd to  
have held Criminal Correspondences with the Kings of  
*Scotland* and *Spain*, and entred into secret Alliances with  
*Tyrone*, and Traiterously laid and carry'd on a Plot against the  
Queen's Authority, made a very stout and resolute Defence.

As politick as *Cecil* was, he could not hide the Malignity  
of his Intentions; but it was observ'd, he was not only a  
severe Judge but a dangerous Enemy: The Heat and Ani-  
mosity he discover'd against the Earl of *Essex*, were answer'd  
by him with a slighty Resolution, and undaunted Constancy.  
Yet, for all he could say in Justification of himself, he  
was Condemn'd with the Formalities usual on such Oc-  
casions; Sentence was pronounc'd by the *Lord High Steward*,  
That the Earls of *Essex* and *Southampton*, were guilty of High  
Treason, and should be Beheaded. The Earl of *Essex* was not

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mov'd

prov'd in the least, to hear himself nam'd, but appear'd heartily sorry to find the Earl of *Southampton* under like Condemnation; and conjur'd the Judges to examine with less Severity, the Conduct of a Person, whose only Crime was the Love he had for him. But not able to prevail, he melted into Expressions of the greatest Tenderness in the World for his Friend.

The Queen being inform'd of the Condition of things, gave secret Orders to delay Execution. She was of a High Spirit, and highly provok'd, yet found it very difficult to raise her Anger to a pitch equal to her Tenderness.

*Cecil* trembled to find the Execution of a Sentence deferred, which he had with so much Pleasure heard pronounc'd. The Countess of *Nottingham* was equally alarm'd.

The Proofs were but slight against the Earl of *Southampton*, and the Queen sensible his long Friendship with the Earl of *Essex* had chiefly engag'd him in the Matters in charge, pardon'd his Life at the Request of his Friends.

News was brought of it to the Earl of *Essex*, whose truly brave and generous Soul immediately broke forth into sincere Protestations, He should die now with Satisfaction and Content, since the Queen had own'd by her Pardon, the Innocence of *Southampton*.

While the Earl of *Essex* expected with a Resolute Constancy, the Catastrophe of his Tragedy, the Countess, his Wife, was inform'd at *White-hall*, he was Executed. Till then she believ'd it uncertain; but this News surpriz'd her so terribly, she fill'd the whole Court with her Lamentations. The Queen heard them, but was not concern'd, as the rest were for them. Let her cry, says she to the Countess of *Nottingham*, she must shed many more, to wipe out the Store of those Tears she has cost me.

The Countess of *Nottingham* was so far from endeavouring to pacify the Queen, that all her Care was to keep up her Anger. And because she was ignorant of many things she thought herself concern'd to know, she took Advantage of the Trouble the Countess of *Essex* was in, and made her frequent Visits; not to bemoan her Afflictions, but to find out something to render her more miserable. It must needs have been an unparallel'd Cruelty, not to pity the handsomest Lady on Earth, appearing to our Eyes in a Condition



in more deplorable than can be express'd. She fell every minute, for very Weakness, into the Arms of the Woman about her; and recover'd herself only to lament the more pitifully; which affected all but the Countess of Nottingham, who saw all this with an Unconcernedness suitable to the hardness of her Heart. Ah, Madam! says the Countess of Essex, as soon as she saw her, Will you not use your Interest with the Queen in favour of the Earl of Essex? You know my Lord of Southampton hath his Pardon, replies she, and the Queen, perhaps, will do as much for your Husband. Madam, says the Countess of Essex, 'Tis not the Crimes charg'd on my Husband, jointly with the E. of Southampton; nor those common to both, that renders the Queen inexorable: You understand me, when I tell you, there are others she more deeply resents. And she hates the Earl of Essex less for the Attempts attributed to his Ambition, than his Engagements with me. But, Madam, replies the Countess of Nottingham, willing to find out the Mystery of their Love, she was yet ignorant of, If you thought the Queen would oppose it, or be unsatisfy'd with it, why did you not quit a Business where you were to expect nothing but Crosses? If you were even in Love, says the Countess of Essex, you know very well, we have not always our Wits about us when we are deeply engag'd in Affection. However, Madam, when I Married my Lord of Essex, I did not know the Queen was so much concern'd for him. Perhaps, answer'd the Countess of Nottingham, I might do you some Service, were I thoroughly acquainted with the particular Passages between my Lord of Essex and You. I am not in a very fit Disposition to Discourse with you, Madam, says the Countess of Essex. But if I could by any Confidence prevail with you to do something for us, I would give you an Account of all you desire. I will not promise you, I shall certainly prevail with the Queen: But, Madam, adds the cunning Countess of Nottingham, I will use my Interest, and perhaps, effect more than we have Reason to hope for. Have a good Heart, Madam, do not despair: The Queen is good, and I will zealously serve you, when I am instructed what Course to take.

The Countess of Essex yielding to the Persuasions of her bitterest Enemy, dry'd up her Tears; and after a short Pause, spoke to this Purpose.

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My Mother died very young, leaving no Child but me. My Father's Offices obliging him to a constant Attendance at Court, he committed the Care of my Infancy to a Sister of his, settled about a hundred Miles from *London*. He could not, at that Distance, see me so often as he would, so that when I came to Fourteen Years of Age, he thought, by disposing me in Marriage, to bring me nearer him.

The Earl of *Rutland* had but one Son; and the intimate Friendship between my Father and him, induc'd them to think of a stricter Alliance. Our Fortunes were equal; and the Earl of *Rutland's* Son being Return'd out of *Italy*, his Father, acquainted him with his Design of marrying him. His Affection was no way engag'd to the contrary: And the Business was agreed on without my Knowledge, who was look'd upon as too young to be consulted with, in a Cause of that Nature. Yet Madam, my Heart was sensible so early, and capable of discerning between Person and Person; and made it appear by Experience, Obedience & Affection do not always agree. The Equipage of the Young Gentleman was no sooner ready, but he came where I was. Being not in Love, nor expecting much Pleasure in waiting on a Mistress he had never seen, and was represented to him as a Child, he pray'd That of his Friends to Honour his Nuptials with their Presence. The Earl of *Essex* was one of them. When they arriv'd, my Looks were divided between several Men, all much below my Age, and equally unknown to me. I knew well enough, the Earl of *Rutland's* Son was design'd my Husband; and I presently wish'd he were the Man whom I afterwards knew to be the E. of *Essex*; at first sight of whom, all my Trouble for being marry'd so young, was presently over. He was the first that spoke to me, and look'd on me more earnestly than any of the others. This made me believe it was as I wish'd. But I was sadly deceiv'd, when the young Earl of *Rutland* was presented to me. I blush'd, and sigh'd, not knowing the Cause. The Earl of *Essex* did also the like; his Eyes went still in search of me; and I was not reserv'd enough to avoid them. The Trouble I appear'd in was attributed to the Innocence of my Age; and I quickly learnt to take care to hide it.

Our Parents being arriv'd, we were marry'd, without being ask'd by them, if we were willing. The Earl of *Rutland's* Son appear'd pleas'd with his Fortune; and perhaps, found

the more amiable than he expected. I, Madam, was so in Love with the Earl of *Essex*, all I could do, was not to hate my Husband. Yet I had the good luck, my Kindness for my Lord of *Essex* was not so much as suspected.

'Twas believ'd I was then sensible of no other Pleasures, but what Children delight in; but no Age is a Stranger to Love. I quickly knew what it was to have a Kindness; and soon complain'd the Liberty of my Inclination had been usurp'd upon. I had little Joy in being so far Mistress of myself, as to wish I could love my Husband, and endeavour it; and to have an Indifference for the Earl of *Essex*; for all my Efforts to that purpose were vain.

The first Resolution I took, was to avoid the Sight of a Man, who could only contribute to make me more unhappy. And when he had taken his leave with the rest of my Lord of *Rutland's* Friends, I pray'd my Father to spare my Youth for some time, and not to expose me so early to the Court, where I never had been. My Desire was granted; and when my Father return'd for *London*, to satisfy me, they took me to *Rutland*.

But the Course I took, produc'd not the Effect I propos'd: The Idea of the Earl of *Essex* accompanied me, in my Solitude. And my Father-in-Law being dead, we were forc'd to go to *London*, after a Years stay in the Country.

I trembled to think, I should see the Earl of *Essex* again; and resolv'd with myself, I would be the most retir'd Person on Earth, to avoid all Occasions of meeting him; when News was brought me, he was gone with the Earl of *Leicester* into the Low-Countries. The Queen receiv'd me with that Kindness she usually expresses to those she intends to Honour. I admir'd her Merit; and the Pleasure to see myself respected by her, suspended a while my secret Inquietudes. But within less than half a Year, my Father died, soon after my Husband. I was much afflicted at these Losses. I bewail'd my Father's Death a long time: And if I had not for my Husband that great Kindness, which is rarely met with in Marriages of Obedience, my Reason, and his Complaisance had forc'd me to esteem him, and to express Acknowledgments sincere enough, to save me the Trouble of my just Reproach from myself, or any other. The Queen having told me, she desir'd to have me near her, I quitted my  
House

House for an Appartment in this Palace, and my Fortune which was very considerable, gave me such Charms, as drew about me a number of Suitors, who pretended mighty Kindness for me; but were really rather a Trouble, than Pleasure to me.

In this Condition was I, when the Earl of *Essex* return'd to London. The Queen's Army had been Victorious; and she order'd a publick Thanksgiving, when the Generals arriv'd. I waited on her to St. *Paul's*, and had not the Power by any Consideration, to be so reserv'd, as not to single out from all the Nobility of the Kingdom, the Earl of *Essex* alone, to fix my Eyes on. The Morrow, he was one of the first to wait on the Queen: I was with her before. I was mov'd at the Sight of him: We look'd on one another several times, with equal Concern. Madam, said he, as soon as he could speak to me, I have not had a Moments Liberty to signify to you, how great a Share I bear in your Losses. I believe, answer'd I, you are sorry for my Misfortunes. 'Tis natural for every one to be concern'd for such a Person as you are, adds he, But, Madam, I am much more concern'd than any other.

The Queen interrupted us: But in all the Respects, the Earl of *Essex* paid her, I could not but observe his Eye was towards me. I confess, I was glad to see him so eager; and perhaps, I answer'd him a little too soon; but I was young, tender and independant. His Merits were then extraordinary; and he had the Advantage of my first Inclination.

He came the same Day to see me in my Appartment; and fail'd not to do it constantly afterwards. All his Actions persuad'd me, at length that he lov'd me; and it was not long e'er he let me know it.

Madam, said he, one Evening, having brought me to my Chamber, after I had left the Queen, do you remember the time we accompanied the Earl of *Rutland* to your Country-House? I have not forgot, Sir, answer'd I, that you were one of them that did him that Honour. Is that all you remember of it? adds he, did you observe nothing in my Eyes worthy taking Notice of? And was it possible you should inspire into me so much Love without feeling the Power of it in yourself? The Friendship I had for the Earl of *Rutland*, and the Progress he had made, prevented my speaking of it. Yet Time and Absence have but increas'd my Passion.

And



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and I protest sincerely, from the first Moment I saw you  
my Heart was never affected with any but yourself.

A Discourse of this Nature, may perhaps be thought un-  
suitable to the Condition I was then in; who mourn'd for  
Father and a Husband; Yet I had not the Power to be of-  
fended with it. The Earl of *Essex* assur'd me I had gain'd his  
Affection: I was willing to gain his, and I car'd for no more.

You will give me leave, Madam, to pass over my Answers;  
and tell you only, the Earl of *Essex* was very well satisfy'd  
with them; that we then settled the Correspondence we  
had so long maintain'd; and that we found Occasions, and  
Opportunities to polish and perfect it.

Thus far you seeme ignorant of the Queen's Inclinations;  
as well as others, attributed the Favour we saw the Earl  
of *Essex* was in to his Services, and his dexterity in setting  
them out to Advantage. But in time, I perceiv'd my mistake:  
And as reserv'd as the Queen was, found out the Mystery,  
and trembled at the Discovery.

The Earl of *Essex* had an elevated Soul, and capable of  
Greatness. Ambition might rob me of him; and I was wil-  
ling to fortify myself against all Misfortunes, and to reserve  
only an Esteem for him. But what Hopes of doing that now,  
which all my Reason, and two Years Marriage had not  
Effect'd?

At last, Jealousy succeeded my Fears; and I began to be-  
lieve, the Respect the Earl of *Essex* had for the Queen, might  
proceed from a secret Affection. I fretted at this, and griev'd  
at the Heart: The Earl perceiv'd it, and solicited long to  
tell him the Cause. I refus'd as long as I was able. I am  
jealous, said I to him at last, with a little Heat, and afraid I  
should lose your Affection: 'Tis not an Unhappiness, an-  
swer'd he, to see you love me so, as to doubt of me: But there  
is no Cause to question my Faithfulness, who never lov'd  
any but you. The Queen loves you, said I, and her Kindness  
for you, with the Advantage of her Grandeur, may be dange-  
rous Temptations to your Perseverance. The Queen love me,  
Madam! Replies he, How you interpret her ordinary Boun-  
ty, which hath (perhaps) too generously recompenc'd my  
Services beyond their Merits? She is too haughty, and too  
Great a Mistress of herself, to fall into such a Weakness.  
You know, what Illustrious Alliances she hath slighted, and  
are

are to believe, she is above the reach of Love. There is no  
a Monarch on Earth, but I would prefer you before him  
answered I; and measuring the Queen's Affection by mine  
I am easily persuaded, she may do so too, her Eye is always  
upon you, maugre all her Precautions, and is never else sa-  
tisfied; and I have observ'd some Sighs from her, which a  
Heart concern'd as mine, cannot bear without Trouble. I  
did not till now know how happy I was, says the Earl of  
Essex; but your Jealousy makes me sensible of it. Yet, Madam,  
give me leave to assure you, you have no Cause for it. Were  
the Queen weak as you imagin, did she offer me her Crown  
and her Kindness; I would, by my Refusal let you see,  
though I have Ambition, my Love for you infinitely ex-  
ceeds it. To satisfy you of your Mistake, allow me to pro-  
cure her Consent to our Marriage. You have mourn'd long  
enough, to avoid all Imputations of Indecency: It is in  
your Power to make me the happiest of Men, and to clear  
the Doubts you have of my Faithfulness.

I was far from opposing the Proposal he made; and I was  
not fully convinc'd the Queen was in Love with him, yet,  
I thought, if she was, he knew it not.

To let you see, adds he, I will not conceal from you any  
Kindness the Queen hath exprest for me; I declare, I sacri-  
fice to you, one of the handsomest Ladies of the Court, who  
hath a thousand ways invited my Love.

I prest him to let me know her Name; but he conjur'd  
me to be satisfy'd with what he had said; and, not to force  
him to further Indiscretion, I gave over pressing him.

[The Countess of Nottingham blush'd at this Part of the Dis-  
course; having Reason to believe herself the Person intended. She  
hated him the more for't; but had the Command of herself, not  
to interrupt the Countess of Essex; who proceeded in her Story.]

This Freedom of the Earl put an end to my Suspicions. I  
left him to take his time for speaking to the Queen: When  
he went to thank her for the Government of Ireland bestow'd  
on him, he return'd to me with a Transport of Joy, to tell  
me: The Queen had not only consented to his Desires; but  
intended to make the Earl of Leicester, King of England.  
This quieted my Spirit, and made me acknowledge, I had  
no cause to be jealous. We spent some Days with a great  
deal of Pleasure; but were cruelly interrupted by the Order  
the

the Earl of *Essex* receiv'd to go into *France*, to command the  
 forces the Queen sent in aid of that King. I had not time to  
 express my Grief to him, or to be a Witness of his. We parted  
 in haste : And then it was, I repented I had believ'd him,  
 and that the Queen's Coldness, towards me, convinc'd me of  
 the Truth of my former Suspicions; and that her sending  
 away the Earl of *Essex*, was but to remove him from me.

I left Court as soon as I could, with Decency, ask the  
 Queen leave to retire into a House of my Fathers, about  
 fifty Miles from *London*. I will not tell you how I was ar-  
 m'd at the News of the Earl of *Essex* his Death in his Re-  
 turn from *Spain*, nor how we writ to one another, in his  
 absence. I was ready to die for Grief. when he arriv'd at  
 my House more Respectful, and more Amorous than he had  
 ever appear'd.

He would have put me out of my Opinion, concerning  
 the Queen; but I obstinately maintain'd it true. When I  
 had convinc'd him of it, he offer'd to leave *England*, if I  
 could name a Place where we might Live quietly. I had  
 affection enough to incline me to consent to his Proposal;  
 but considering it unjust in me to spoil the Progress of his  
 good Fortune, and put an end to his Hopes, by an Unex-  
 pected Retreat, I told him, it was impossible. And usher-  
 ing with a Sigh the Advice I was going to give him : For-  
 get me, Sir, said I, for I see your Fate will force you to it.  
 The Queen will still cross us, and never want Pretence to  
 separate us: 'Tis better breaking off an Engagement, than  
 its not to your Affairs. Nothing in the World can be  
 greater Misfortune to me; but I will submit to it, if it be  
 for your Good. You suspect me of Indifference (said he,  
 interrupting me) and you have the Cruelty to advise me to

Did you Love me more, you would Know me better :  
 and, were I capable of doing an Unjust Thing, I believe  
 you would exhort me to forget you, for no other Cause,  
 but that you might think of me no more. But, Madam, to  
 shorten our Discourse, and our Doubts, which almost make  
 me Mad, Believe it, I love you above all things in the  
 World; there is a sure and easy Way to satisfy you of it,  
 you are not willing to go with me out of *England*; and yet  
 you are still afraid of the Queen : Let us marry privately,  
 and conceal it till we see a more favourable Time. This will

frustrate the Queen's Design to our Prejudice; you will no longer doubt of my Affection. And if the Business be discovered, 'tis but flying out of the Reach of the Resentments we fear.

I was strangely mov'd at this Discourse: Every thing oblig'd me to believe him. Yet considering it would reflect upon my Reputation to be privately Married, I was afraid to consent. The Earl complain'd of me; I Cry'd: Love was our Arbitratour, and decided the Controversy in his Favour. After long Resistance, I agreed to a private Marriage; on Condition the Earl would go for *London* on the Morrow; and appear dis-engag'd to the Queen from all the Kindness he had for me. We agreed to be Married at the Earl of *Southampton's*, his particular Friend; where I was to stay, while he went for *London*. Thus we parted. He took *London Road*; I went for *Southampton*, attended by *Tracy* and a Domestick of the Earl of *Essex's*, in whom he reposed an entire Confidence.

As the Earl was on the Road, he had leisure to consider what Measures to take. My Lord *Southampton* came to receive me at his House; where the E. of *Essex* arriv'd, soon after he had obtain'd leave from the Queen, to absent himself a few Days.

We are now come to the Instant that usher'd in our Crosses. We were marry'd in the Presence of my Lord *Southampton*, *Tracy*, and some Women of mine, and a Kind man of the Earl of *Essex*. He gave me an Account how the Queen had receiv'd him; and began to confess, he believ'd she lov'd him.

He stay'd but six Days at *Southampton*, in which time we agreed what Course to take.

I was too far from *London* to see the Earl often, without discovering our Correspondence. Nothing seem'd more proper to conceal it, than a House he had within few Miles of *London* on the *Thames Side*: It stood alone, and was strong enough to prevent a Surprise. Having settled my Affairs I was conducted thither by my Lord *Southampton* and *Tracy*, while the Earl of *Essex* return'd for *London*.

Nothing could be more Pleasant than the solitude I was in. My Lord of *Essex* came to see me every Day: And spent there two Years with a Moments Trouble. At last



An Accident happen'd that miserably perplext us: The Earl of *Essex* had an infinite Number of Enemies, who envy'd him; and for all his Caution, they took Notice of his extraordinary Assiduity for the Place I was in. They told the Queen of it. She was disturb'd at it: More, perhaps, for the Suspicion she had of some private Gallantry of his there, than for those Matters they would have possess her with.

I gave her no Trouble: The Earl's Disengagement, with my pretended Journey into *France*, had secur'd her as to me. Yet she was resolv'd to go see whether the Earl frequented that House, only for the Pleasure of the Place, or some hidden Cause.

One Day, as the Earl was with her, she gave Orders, her ordinary Retinue should be ready to wait on her. I have long had amind to see your Country-House, says she to the Earl: I have had a very pleasant Description of it: The Weather is fair; and I believe a Walk so far may do me good.

You may imagin the Fears this put the Earl in: He durst not openly Oppose her Design; but endeavour'd to divert her, by saying, his House deserv'd not the Pains she would take to go so far.

When he saw her resolv'd upon it, he begg'd leave to go before, to put things in Order for her Reception. No, (says She) you shall be my Guide: There's no need of Preparation.

The Earl, at these Words trembled for ~~me~~ He was depriv'd of all Means of Precaution; and the Concern he appear'd in, made the *Queen* more curious.

Imagin what a Trouble he was in by the Way, and how often he wish'd something might hinder their Arrival. But Fortune favour'd the *Queen's* Designs so far, that they came safe to the House, and she would presently go and see the Lodgings. The Earl astonish'd, gave her his Hand. The Chamber I us'd, was the best in the House; and the first the Queen staid at: The Earl seeing no Remedy, steps to the Door, which he found open contrary to Custom, and was pleasingly surpriz'd, to find only *Tracy* there, sleeping, or rather pretending to sleep on a Couch. He was quickly awak'd; and having exprest his Surprize, and Respect, immediately withdrew.

The Earl of *Essex*, who thought him at *London*, began to take Heart, fancying his good *Genius* had revealed the Adventure to *Tracy*. But a new Trouble arose : My Picture hung in the same Room, under a Curtain. The Queen ask'd, If it were the Earl's? He answer'd, with some Trouble, It was not. The Queen drew the Curtain, and saw herself Drawn at length, where the Earl thought my Picture would appear. Then it was he was persuaded, the faithful *Tracy* had had an Intimation of the Journey.

The Queen express'd much Joy, to see her Picture in the Earl's Chamber.

From the House, she went into the Garden ; took a short Repast, during which, *Tracy* found the Opportunity to whisper the Earl, He need not trouble himself——And return'd to *London*, without the least Suspicion.

Thus Matters pass'd on their Sides. As to ours, The very Instant the Queen told the Earl of *Essex*, She would see his House, the Earl of *Southampton* was at her Chamber-Door. You are come in a good time, to go with the Queen to the Earl of *Essex*'s, says the Officer, who was going to provide the Equipage.

The Earl of *Southampton* by these few Words, quickly discover'd the Storm that threatned his Friend : And to provide a Remedy : I am not very well, said he to the Officer : Perhaps the Queen may Command me to wait on her ; I will not go ; let her not know you have seen me. The Officer promis'd she should not ; and *Southampton* hastened to the Earl of *Essex*'s, to tell *Tracy* ; who immediately took the best Horse his Master had ; and rode so fast, that he was with me before the Queen left *London*.

I was not a little troubled at the News. *Tracy* hid me and my Women, in a Quarter, where was no likelihood of our being discover'd, and then chang'd the Queen's Picture for mine.

That Evening, the Earl of *Essex* came to see me, and gave me an Account of the Tortures he had that Day endur'd for me ; and how *Southampton* and *Tracy* had deliver'd him out of them.

The *Irish* Rebell'd ; I lay in at that time : The Earl of *Essex*, who lov'd me no less than his Glory, had within himself desperate Conflicts. His Duty prevail'd : He desir'd he might

might Command the Army, the Queen granted it; and the same time plainly declar'd her Affection for him : Which I was before but too well assur'd of. She gave him abundance of very kind Expressions, and (to confirm the Truth of 'em) a RING, which still leaves the poor Earl of *Essex* some Hopes.

He was sufficiently prepared to manage the Queen : And you see, by this time Madam, whether he was not under a Necessity of some Dissimulation.

He gave me a faithful Account of all that pass'd between 'em ; and being fearful of me in his Absence he resolv'd to remove me, and to go himself out of *England*, if Matters were discover'd.

This put him on Search of some Places of Refuge : The King of *Scots* promis'd him, among others, the Palace of *Dimbourg*. The Earl of *Tyrone* made him many Proposals ; but Certain it is, he never hearken'd to any of them.

I was weak when he left me, and oblig'd to recover a little Strength, before I would undertake a Voyage for *Scotland*. I was on my Way, Fortune stay'd me, the Earl of *Essex* was Charg'd with several Matters ; and the Queen prepossess'd by our Enemies, took our innocent Precautions for Crimes.

At last, Madam, the Earl was forced to come and shut himself in the Place where I was ; and was resolv'd to perish in Defence, of me.

You know what follow'd. Consider the Frights I was in, amidst so much Trouble and Blood, I saw every Day spilt.

The Earl conjur'd me incessantly, to quit a Place where he could not make any long Defence, in Opposition to so many Forces, as were employ'd to take it.

I exhorted him to yield, and implore the Queen's Goodness, He protested, He would never do it, till I was in a Place of Safety.

Thus was I forc'd to leave him, and go for *Dimbourg*. The faithful *Tracy*, who should have Conducted me thither, had perish'd already, in maintaining the Interest of his Master.

The Earl of *Essex* committed me to the Charge of one of his Kinsmen ; they forc'd me out of his Arms, to put me on board a Boat that waited for us on the *Thames*, and  
was

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was to carry us to the Place where our Convoy  
tended us.

My Fears, and my Grief put me into a Fever : This stay'd  
me some Days, at a little Village, where I had News of the  
Earl's Imprisonment, and the Queen's Resolution to Ruin  
him.

The Extremity of my Dispair, put me on the Resoluti-  
on of presenting myself to the Queen, and endeavouring to  
obtain some Favour by an ingenious Confession : But, Ma-  
dam, you know, I found in her, no Disposition to Par-  
don us.

My Conduct hath produc'd a terrible Effect : And I may  
justly Reproach my self, to have been the Cause of all my  
Lord of *Essex's* Misfortunes.

This Discourse ended in Tears. The Countess of *Not-  
tingham* took small Care to stop them : She was too much  
concern'd in more than one part of the Story, which heigh-  
ten'd her Fury . And leaving the Countess of *Essex* to the  
Horror of Despair, she return'd to the Queen, whom she  
found almost drown'd in hers. She us'd all her Art to re-  
vive the Queen's Anger ; and by her cruel Address, effected  
her Design ; without saying a Word directly against the  
Criminal.

*Cecil* and she, were Tormented to see the Execution  
delay'd.

What shall we do, Madam, says he to her, if the Queen,  
in the very height of her Anger, will not give way that  
Justice be done ? What are we to expect when her Anger is  
over ? What are we not to fear from her Love, if it once  
get the Mastery of a Heart as hers is ? 'Tis no where so Im-  
perious, no where so Absolute ; and I very much doubt  
whether all our Caution can prevent the ill Effect of it. In  
a Word Condemn'd as the Earl of *Essex* is by an August  
Assembly, 'tis possible, he may Recover his former Favour  
with the Queen, and utterly Ruin us as soon as he sets  
Footing at Court. I shall bestir myself a little e'er that  
comes to pass, says the Countess of *Nottingham* ; I have the  
Queen's Ear . I know how to speak . I am not suspected ;  
nor am I a Stranger to the Secrets of the One, nor the O-  
ther : Yet we are not to flatter our Selves ; the Earl of  
*Essex* is Master of his Fortune. If he Petition, the Queen  
will



will not have the Power to deny him. He hath a *Pledge*, which gives him an Absolute Power over her. But, thanks to his Pride, he will not make use of it. Besides, whom can we employ in an Affair of this Nature, but we can corrupt? I will not leave the Queen, and I'll Pawn my Life, I will Secure all with her. Do your Part, and let's not be surpriz'd.

*Cecil* knew the Countess of *Nottingham* too well to doubt of what she said. He parted better satisfied, and thought of nothing but what flatter'd their common Hatred against *Essex*.

The Queen had had a very ill Night, Tormented equally with Sickness and Trouble. She considered the Unfaithfulness of the Earl of *Essex*; his plotting against her Authority, his private Marriage, his giving himself wholly up to the Pleasures of it, while he pretended to be entirely at her Devotion, and his Pride in the Depth of Misfortunes.

She thought sometimes these Reflections strong enough, to enable her to see him die. But presently, the pleasant Idea of him she would Destroy, his Merit, his Services, and the Natural Inclinations she had for him, inspir'd her again with more gentle Resolutions. She thought it better to see him a Criminal, than never see him more. The thoughts of his Execution put her almost besides herself, tho' it was in her Power to prevent it.

The Countess of *Nottingham* was as wakeful as the Queen, though for very different Reasons; and waiting on her in the Morning as usual, You find me in a Lamentable Condition, says the Queen; and if you help not to Comfort me, I shall not be able to endure it much longer. The Wretch who causeth me all this Trouble, is always before my Eyes, in the most pitiful Condition imaginable. Is it possible, I should do nothing for him, in such an extremity? Shall I permit him to Perish, as if I do value him no more than another; when I have declar'd to him, I lov'd him? Shall I reproach myself one Day with Cruelty, to have Forsaken him, when it was in my Power to save him? What your Majesty shall be pleas'd to do in his Favour, Replies the Countess of *Nottingham*, will be the more Generous, for that he hath not solicited it. If he petition'd, Your Bounty would be lookt upon as an Effect of your Pity, and his Submissions. But now, it will proceed purely from your Goodness. These

These Words effected partly what she aim'd at. The Queen Blush'd, Sigh'd, and was silent a while.

It must be confest (proceeds she) That to do all for him, without putting him to the Cost of one Sign of Repentance, is to approve his Pride, and incourage him to carry it on to the highest Extremities. He would have My Kindness do all; and, without any Reflection on the Outrages he hath done me, he believes, I shall think myself too happy in holding the Executioner's Hand. Never doubt, Madam, (says the Countess) but he makes Account to Triumph still over that Goodness your Majesty hath always made appear towards him. Had he been carried from *Wistminster* to the Scaffold; had you given him a Sight of that Scene of Death, and pardon'd *Southampton*, without respizing the other's Execution, he would have been glad to make use of any means, in his Power, to move you to Mercy. But he knows the Power he hath over you, and pretends that by receiving a Pardon he vouchsafes not to petition for, all the World will believe him innocent. But, Madam, if matters be carried on thus, What will be thought of the Justice of the Kingdom? What will the World judge of your Majesty? There is not a Person ignorant of this Adventure. And if the Earl of *Essex*, without acknowledging his Crimes, sees himself at Liberty. Will it not be said, That *England* is govern'd by a Queen not so discreet as Fame reports her to be.

At this, *Cecil* arriv'd and fortify'd extreemly the Countess of *Nottingham's* Party. He seconded her with all the Art of a cruel Eloquence to persuade the Queen she was concern'd in Honour, the Earl of *Essex* should die.

The Queen in a Pet, consented he should be Executed suddenly; and *Cecil* lost no time, in carrying Her Orders to those who were to be Actors in the Execution.

The Earl of *Essex*, as the Countess of *Nottingham* had sherwedly guess'd, had no Thoughts of Petitioning for a Favour, which, in all probability, the Queens Kindness would of itself freely grant him. But when he saw himself on the Point of being carry'd to the Place of Execution, he thought it his Duty, not to neglect the Medicines he had in his Power, to bring about the Queen. Then he resolv'd to implore her Mercy, and put her in mind of her Promises and Oaths. And knowing the Countess of *Nottingham* was her

her Favourite and Confident; though he had Cause to be-  
lieve, she had no great Kindness for him, he was persuaded,  
he might have Generosity enough, to serve him in this im-  
portant Meditation.

He sent to desire the Favour of a Visit from her. The  
Countess impatient to know the Cause, went directly to  
him, without acquainting the Queen.

Who, but a *Barbarian*, could have seen the Earl of *Essex's*  
Person, and at the same time know his Misfortune, without  
being melted into Compassion? Yet the Countess of *Not-*  
*tingham*, at the sight of him; was all Cruelty and Revenge;  
But, feigning some Sweetness, she gave him a way to declare  
himself Thus,

Can you, Madam, Pardon the most unfortunate of Men,  
the Trouble he gives you, at a time when he hath no Cause  
to flatter himself you have any Remains of Kindness for  
him? Yet nothing can be now of greater Advantage to me,  
than your Protection. I know the Power you have over  
the Queen, and wou'd you be pleas'd to joyn it to my Sor-  
row and Repentance, for having offended her, I doubt not,  
but we may prevail much. Tell her then, Madam, continues  
he, putting his Knee to the Ground, That you have seen me  
in this suppliant Posture, full of Grief for having deserv'd  
her Hatred. Restore her this RING, which I have Kept;  
and intreat her to remember the Promises she made when  
she gave it me. I beg my Life by this PLEDGE, and She  
cannot deny it Me, without forgetting her Oaths. I can  
no longer look on Life, as a thing pleasing to to me; but a  
Miserable Wife, and the Interest of a Son, press me to con-  
tinue as long as I can. I cannot think the Innocence of  
the One, or the Infancy of the Other, needs my Justificati-  
on: The Favour to be begg'd of the Queen, is for me alone.

The Countess of *Nottingham* was transported with Joy,  
to see the Earl trust her with the RING, which had so ma-  
ny times alarm'd her, and whose Power *Cecil* was still afraid  
of: She frankly promis'd what she had not the least Intent  
to do for *Essex*, added feign'd Tears to her false Promises,  
and assur'd him, she would directly go use her utmost In-  
terest with the Queen, in his Favour.

But instead of going to the Queen to give her an Account  
of her Visit, she went to *Cecil*: who waited for her, prais'd

her Cruelty, and had the Pleasure to see in his Power  
sole Obstacle against *Essex's* Death.

They went together to the Queen, who asking, How  
*Essex* receiv'd her last Orders?

He was never observ'd so haughty, Madam, answers *Cecil*,  
he cannot prevail with himself, to shew the least Sign of  
Repentance. He thinks of nothing but his Wife, and she  
is the whole Subject of his Discourse to those who go to  
him. Let him die then, let him perish, says the Queen, ve-  
ry angry, since he will have it so. Let me be eas'd of the  
tormenting Uncertainties and Disquiets I am under. I am  
no longer against his Execution.

This zealous Minister was unwilling to leave the Queen  
the least time of Reflection: And while the Earl of *Essex*  
was in Expectation of the Effect of the Promises of the un-  
faithful Countess of *Nottingham*, Provision was made for  
his Execution in the Tower, to avoid a Rebellion among  
the People, who lov'd him.

His Soul was naturally great, and discover'd not the least  
Weakness, in the last Extremity.

Never did Man go to his Death with more Constancy  
and Firmness. He did not murmur in the least, against the  
Queen; though he might have reproach'd her with Promises.  
He mounted the Scaffold resolutely, undrest himself, Re-  
commended his Family to those about him; and having  
drawn Tears from all Eyes that were Spectators of that last  
Act of his Life, he receiv'd his Death, without so much as  
giving way his Eyes should be cover'd.

Thus dy'd this famous Favourite of Queen *Elizabeth*. One  
of the best qualify'd Persons in the World, and a Man who  
had been too happy, had not Love had too great a Power  
over him.

Soon after the Queen had consented he should be Execu-  
ted, she Relaps'd into her former Irresolutions, and, after  
a sharp Conflict within herself, she resolv'd to pardon him,  
and sent an Officer of her Guards to forbid their proceeding  
further: But it was too late. *Cecil* had foreseen what might  
happen, and Cruelly provided against the Effects of her Re-  
lapse into former Kindness. The Earl of *Essex* was already  
Executed; and that was the Answer he carry'd the Queen.  
Then



it was she lost her ordinary Moderation; then her Anger broke out publicly.

*Cecil* I says she, *What Mischief hath your Barbarous Zeal, and Impatience done me?*

With that, she burst out into Tears, and would not endure the Caresses or the Comforts of any about her.

While the Queen abhorr'd herself, for the Orders her Anger had given *Cecil*, who had so faithfully caus'd them to be executed, joyn'd the Pleasure of having procur'd them; and the Countess of *Nottingham* triumph'd in herself, for the Reveng she had taken of a Man who had slighted her Charms.

'Tis impossible to express the Grief of the Countess of *Essex*: The most stony Hearts had Tears for her. The Queen, (whose Anger was dead with the Earl) sent to comfort her, and assure her, she was at Liberty, and might dispose of her Husband's Estate.

*Let her take my Life, and keep her Pity to herself*, says the Countess to the Queen's Messenger? *She hath robb'd me of all that made my Life dear unto me; and 'tis not in her Power, to repair the Mischief she hath done me.*

The Earl of *Essex*'s Friends, finding her, at present, incapable of Comfort, even from them whom she esteem'd highly, for their Love to the Earl, took her from *London*, in hopes, that time might make her susceptible of that Consolation, which the Violence of her present Sorrows render'd altogether vain.

As for the Queen, she languish'd out the rest of her Life. The only Comfort she had, was to think the Earl of *Essex* had slighted her to his Death, and never made her any Submission.

The Countess of *Nottingham* had small Joy of her Faithless Life. A violent Malady seiz'd her, and made her sensible of the Horrors of Death. Remorse of Conscience tormented her; the Ghost of the Earl of *Essex*, (whose Death her Cruelty occasion'd seem'd to Haunt her incessantly. And being at the Point of Death, she could not depart, without acknowledging her Crime to the Queen. Having begg'd one Moments Audience, she confess'd all that had pass'd between the Earl of *Essex* and her, the Love she had for him, the Implacable Hatred that succeeded it, and her Perfidiousness.

And the King's keeping the RING, he had truly  
hoped that she presented the RING to the Countess  
and she would die at the receiving it; and was with  
a little of the dying Countess feel the Violent  
seizure of the Ring.

She cries she, with Looks full of Indignation, who  
shall then expect me to! *Whether Heaven will Pardon  
my Crimes, I know not: I am sure I shall never forget them.*

Having thus said, the Queen went out, and the Countess  
in few Hours died.

This prov'd a mortal Blow to the Queen's Health; who  
not long after died, uncomforted for the Earl of Essex.

Greil had lov'd the Countess of Nottingham too well, to  
be easily Comforted for hers.

By the Death of Queen Elizabeth, the Crown of England  
pass'd into the Illustrious House of the STEWARTS, whose  
right it was. And King JAMES, after a Glorious Reign  
left it to his Posterity, for the Repose of his Kingdom.

FINIS

FLINTS

